

SPAWN®



Capullo
DANNY
05
A



random patterns

part 02

PLOT

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BRIAN HOLGUIN

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BRIAN HOLGUIN

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DEDICATED TO
THE VICTIMS OF
HURRICANE KATRINA

SPAWN 148 SUMMARY

Still unclear on what Mammon has taken from him, Al Simmons has ventured into Chicago. Al struggles with his sanity as he desperately searches for some sort of clue as to what his role is in Mammon's plan. Feverishly circling and tearing out newspaper ads and articles, Al seems to notice references surrounding him, almost trying to help him remember.

Following his instincts, Spawn moves deeper into the city, towards an old abandoned church. Calling out to whoever will listen, Spawn vocalizes his discontent. Taking shape, and tearing down the church in the process, Spawn receives a response from the being known only as The Heap.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS
SPAWN.COM



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THE AIR IS THICK AND FOUL, RANK WITH THE SCENT OF FETID VEGETATION AND ROTTING EARTH.

A NOXIOUS AND POISONOUS HEAP, THIS THING MOVES LIKE A TOXIC AMOEBA, A LIVING PESTILENCE DIVIDING AND RESHAPING ITSELF.

IT RISES UP AND LOOKS DOWN AT ME WITH GLOWERING EYES.

IT DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL PLEASED TO SEE ME.

HELLLSPAWWWN...
YOU...YOU MUST BE STOPPED...

I HEAR ITS
VOICE IN
MY HEAD
RATHER
THAN MY
EARS. IT
SOUNDS
LIKE WAVES
CRASHING
AND TREES
TWISTING.

STOPPED?
STOPPED
FROM WHAT?
YOU CALLED
ME HERE.

YOU
MUST BE
SHOWN.

YOU
MUST BE
TAUGHT!

THIS
WORLD IS
NOT YOURS...
NOR IS IT
THEIRS...

AAAAA
RRH!!





IT
THUNDERS
DOWN
LIKE A
STORM OF
BRICKS.



LIKE IT'S
RAINING
HOUSES.



KICK.

PUNCH.

SLASH.

HACK.



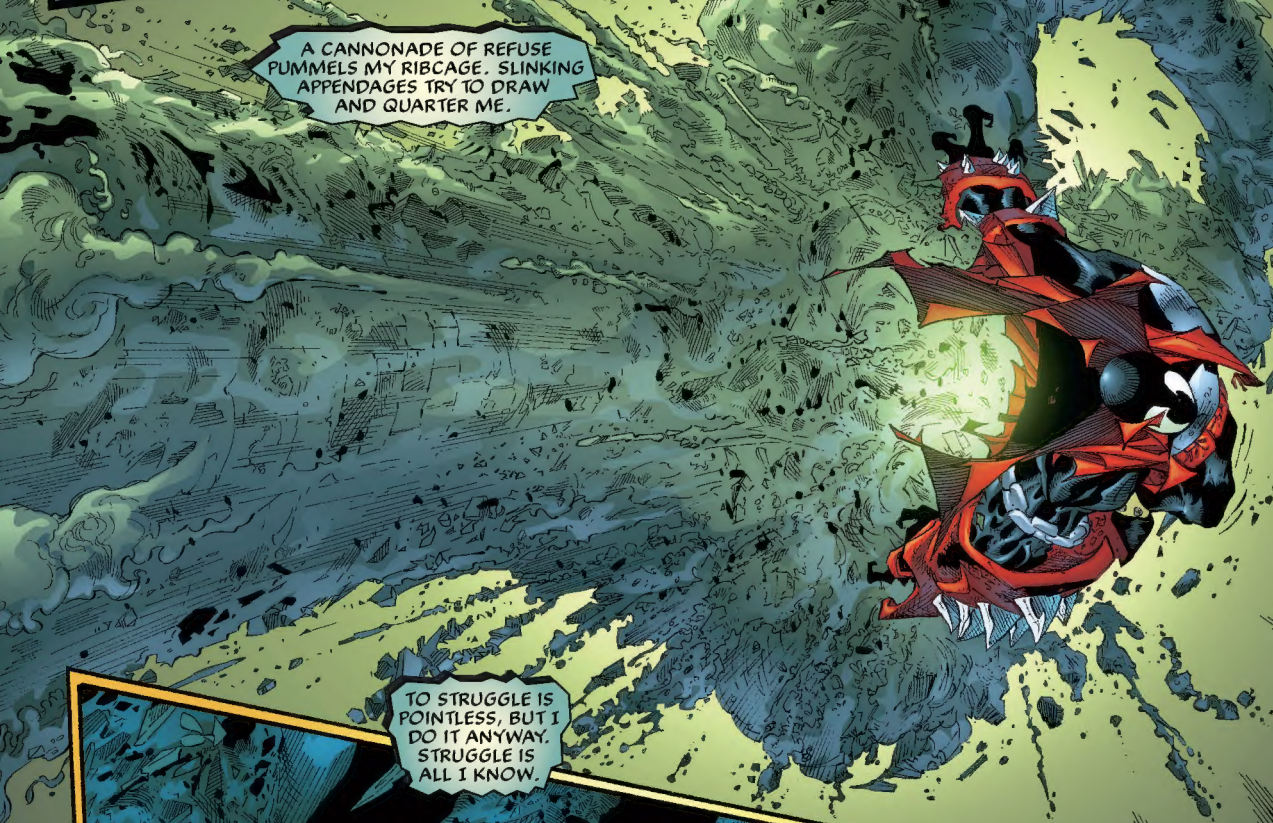
IT DOES
NOTHING.

TEAR A
HOLE HERE,
IT SEALS UP
THERE.


A wide shot of a city street in ruins. Batman, in his iconic suit with a red cape, is in the center, surrounded by debris and smoke. He is looking down at something on the ground. The background shows damaged buildings and a hazy sky.

IT'S TOO FAST.
TOO MOBILE.

DEAD EYES
WATCHING
ME FROM
ALL SIDES.

A close-up of Batman being hit by a large, jagged piece of debris. He is shown in a dynamic, almost horizontal position, with his body contorted from the impact. The debris is a large, dark, angular mass. The background is a blur of motion and destruction.

A CANNONADE OF REFUSE
PUMMELS MY RIBCAGE. SLINKING
APPENDAGES TRY TO DRAW
AND QUARTER ME.

A close-up of Batman's face and upper body. He is in a dark, confined space, possibly a tunnel or a room. He is looking down, and his expression is one of determination and focus. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

TO STRUGGLE IS
POINTLESS, BUT I
DO IT ANYWAY.
STRUGGLE IS
ALL I KNOW.

STRUGGLE
IS ALL
I HAVE
LEFT.



THE
FLOORBOARDS
SNAP BENEATH
OUR COMBINED
WEIGHT AND THE
SOIL OPENS UP
A GAPING,
EARTHY MAW.



THERE
IS NO
LIGHT.
THERE
IS NO
AIR.



JUST THIS
MONSTROUS,
UNBEARABLE
WEIGHT
PULLING ME
DOWN.



DOWN
INTO THE
DEPTHS.

THIS
WORLD
IS NOT
YOURS.

THIS
WORLD IS
NOT
THEIRS.

DOWN
INTO THE
DARKNESS.



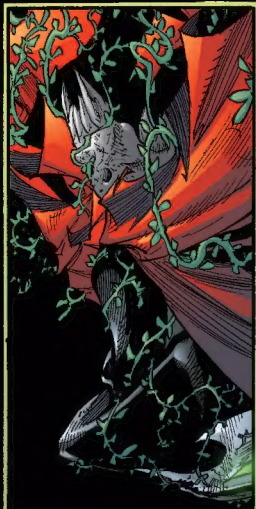
YOU
MUST BE
SHOWN.

INTO
THE
VOID.

YOU
MUST BE
TAUGHT.



SURROUNDED
BY INKY
NOTHINGNESS.



LIKE
FALLING
INTO
HELL.

ALL
OVER
AGAIN.

YOU HAVE BEEN POLLUTED. THE BEING CALLED MAMMON USES YOU AS A TOOL. A PUPPET ON A STRING.

TO HIM, YOU ARE MERELY A KEY...A KEY TO OPEN THE GATES OF ARMAGEDDON.

VINES DIG AT MY FLESH, LIKE BAMBOO BENEATH MY NAILS. UNDER MY SKIN, BEHIND MY EYES.

THEY BURROW BETWEEN MY JOINTS, INVADE TISSUE.

HEAVEN AND HELL PLAY LIKE WILLFUL CHILDREN... FIGHTING FOR THE SOULS OF MANKIND...

THIS WORLD IS HOME TO MAN, BUT IT DOES NOT BELONG TO MAN. IT BELONGS TO ITSELF...

YOU ARE STEPS AWAY FROM STARTING A WAR...YOUR EFFORTS MUST STOP HERE...

YOU MUST BE PURGED.

THE PAIN IS BEYOND WORDS. MY MIND SWIMS, CONSCIOUSNESS FADES.

SOMEWHERE IN RED-BLACK AGONY, A DOOR OPENS.

A DOOR INTO
MEMORY.

GOTHAM
CITY CAN AT
LAST REST EASY.
THE AL KNIGHT
RETURNS!

AL,
IS THAT
YOU?

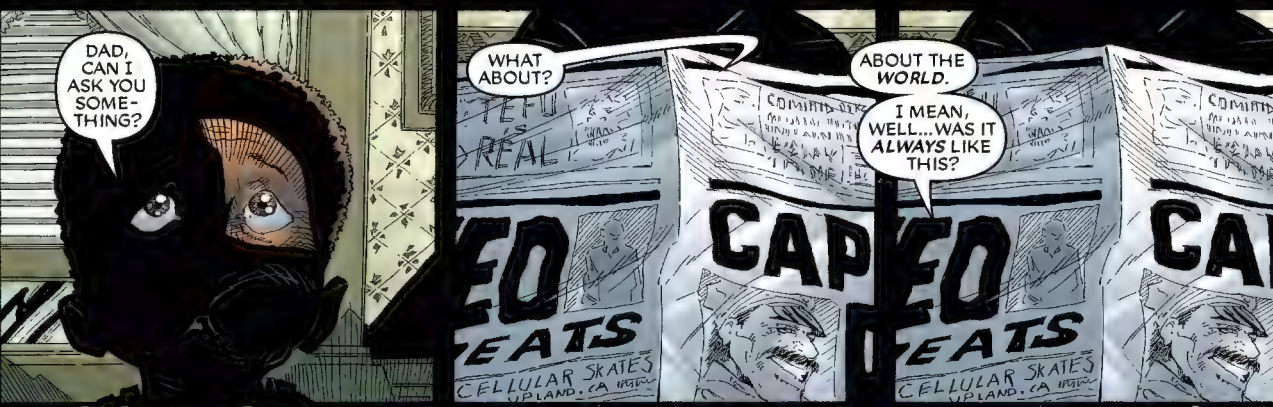
YEAH,
MOM.

GO SCRUB
UP FOR DINNER,
HONEY. AND
DON'T TOUCH
THOSE COOKIES.
IT'LL SPOIL YOUR
APPETITE.

MMM.
OKAY,
MOM.

HI,
POP.

HRMM.



DAD,
CAN I
ASK YOU
SOME-
THING?

WHAT
ABOUT?

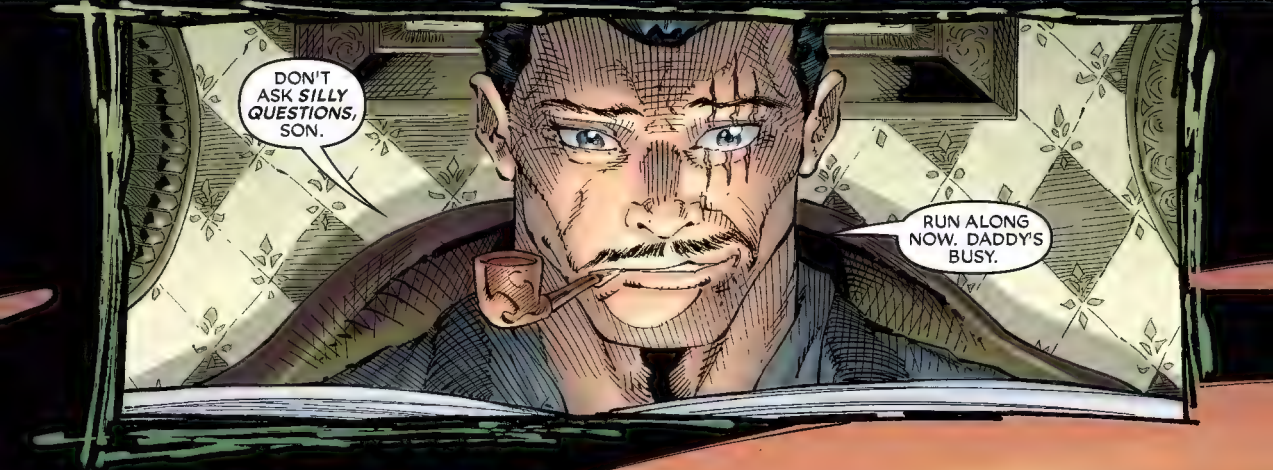
ABOUT THE
WORLD.

I MEAN,
WELL... WAS IT
ALWAYS LIKE
THIS?

ED
FEATS
CELLULAR SKATES
UPLAND, CA 1952

CAPED
FEATS
CELLULAR SKATES
UPLAND, CA 1952

CA
FEATS
CELLULAR SKATES
UPLAND, CA 1952



DON'T
ASK SILLY
QUESTIONS,
SON.

RUN ALONG
NOW, DADDY'S
BUSY.



QUIT NOW
THE SHALLOWS OF
MEMORY AND MAKE
FOR THE OPEN SEAS
OF THE FUTURE.

THE
MACHINERY
OF FATE IS SET
IN MOTION. THE
SCRIPT IS WRITTEN
AND THE
COURSE WELL
PLOTTED.

AND
THIS IS
HOW IT WILL
UNFOLD:

MAMMON
STEALS FROM
YOU. TAKES YOUR
MOST PRECIOUS
POSSESSION. HE
REMAKES YOU.
GUIDES YOUR
ACTIONS.

EVENTS SEEM
RANDOM TO YOU.
MEANINGLESS. THEY
COULD NOT BE MORE
PREMEDITATED.

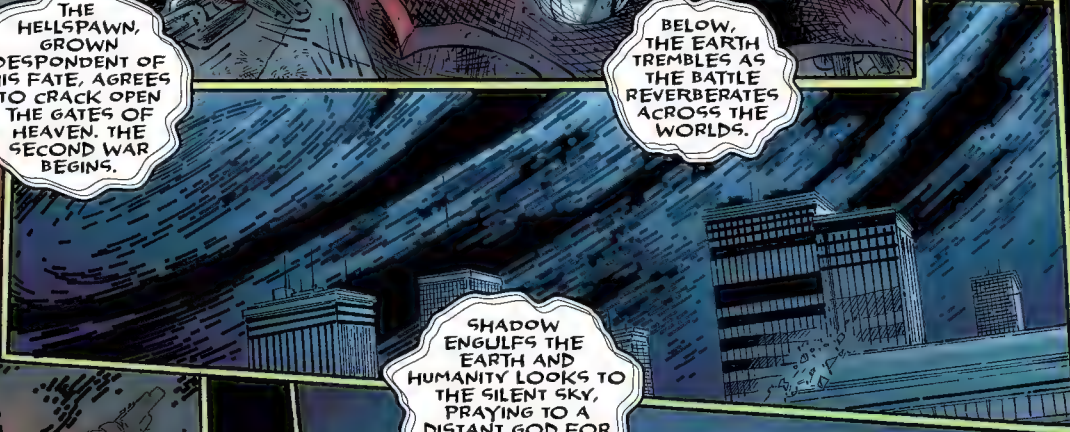
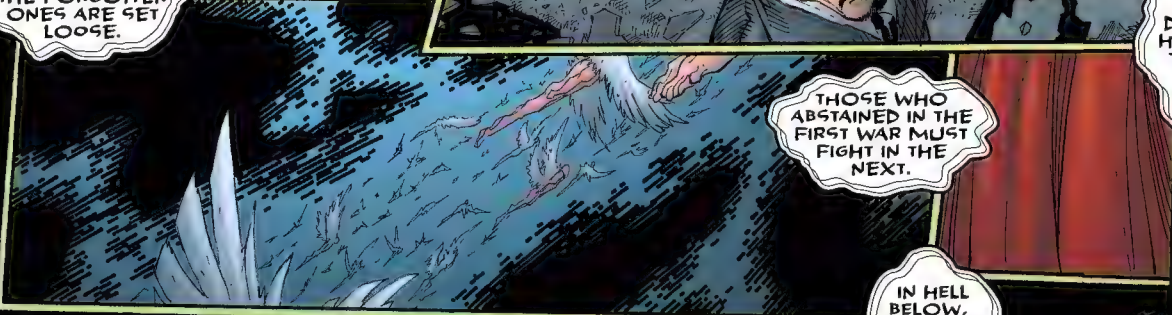
THE TEIND
IS FORFEIT AND
THE FORGOTTEN
ONES ARE SET
LOOSE.



THE
HELLSPAWN,
GROWN
DESPONDENT OF
HIS FATE, AGREES
TO CRACK OPEN
THE GATES OF
HEAVEN. THE
SECOND WAR
BEGINS.

BELOW,
THE EARTH
TREMBLES AS
THE BATTLE
REVERBERATES
ACROSS THE
WORLDS.

THOSE WHO
ABSTAINED IN THE
FIRST WAR MUST
FIGHT IN THE
NEXT.

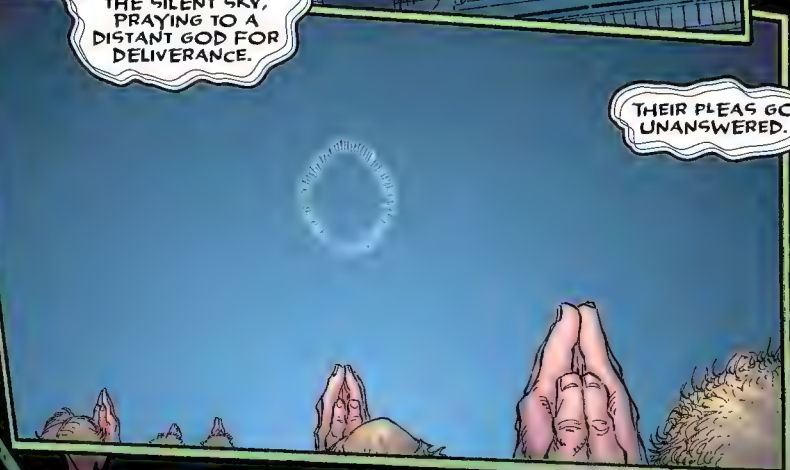
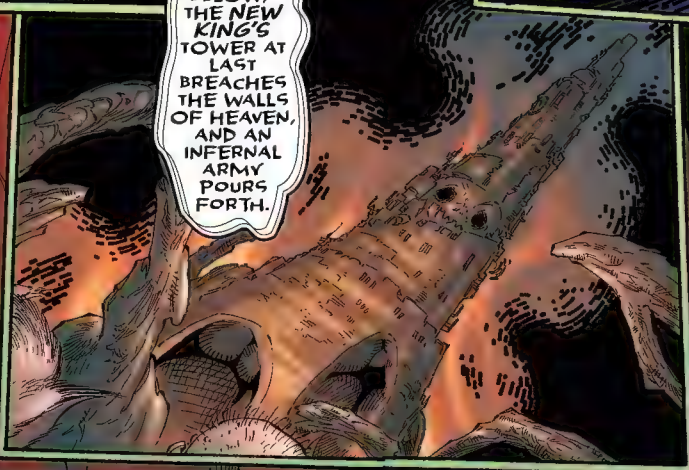



SHADOW
ENGULFS THE
EARTH AND
HUMANITY LOOKS
TO THE SILENT SKY,
PRAYING TO A
DISTANT GOD FOR
DELIVERANCE.

THEIR PLEAS GO
UNANSWERED.

CREATURES
OF DARKNESS,
LONG HIDDEN
FROM MORTAL
SIGHT, STEP OUT
OF THE SHADOWS
AND TERRORIZE
THE WORLD.

IN HELL
BELOW,
THE NEW
KING'S
TOWER AT LAST
BREACHES THE
WALLS OF HEAVEN,
AND AN
INFERNAL
ARMY POURS
FORTH.






FOR THERE IS
NO GOD
TO
ANSWER
THEM.


THE
GREAT
THRONE
SITS
EMPTY.
ITS MAKER
VANISHED
OR
PERHAPS
PERISHED.
IT IS NOT
KNOWN.




THIS IS
THE SECRET
MAMMON
HAS
LEARNED. A
SECRET
HEAVEN HAS
FOUGHT TO
KEEP
HIDDEN.



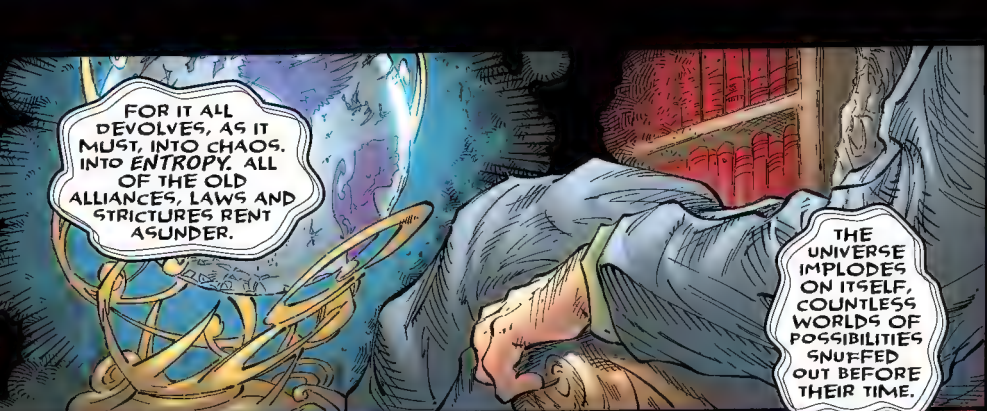
THE CHOIRS
OF THE SHINING
CITY KEEP UP
THE FACADE,
CARRYING ON AS
IF NOTHING HAS
CHANGED.



BUT GOD IS ABSENT
NONETHELESS.



THE WAR
ITSELF IS
MEANINGLESS.
A CHARADE.
SO MUCH SET
DRESSING.



FOR IT ALL
DEVOLVES, AS IT
MUST, INTO CHAOS.
INTO ENTROPY. ALL
OF THE OLD
ALLIANCES, LAWS AND
STRICTURES RENT
ASUNDER.

THE
UNIVERSE
IMPLEDES
ON ITSELF.
COUNTLESS
WORLDS OF
POSSIBILITIES
SNUFFED
OUT BEFORE
THEIR TIME.



AND AT
THE END OF IT
ALL, MAMMON SITS
ON THE THRONE OF
CREATION AND
REMAKES THE
UNIVERSE IN HIS
OWN IMAGE.

THE FATE
OF THE EARTH
IS OF NO
CONSEQUENCE
TO HIM. LIKE
YOU IT IS A
MERE CHESS
PIECE,
STRATEGICALLY
SACRIFICED TO
ENSURE THE
END GAME.



IT IS ALREADY
WRITTEN.

NO.

IS THIS
WHAT YOU
WANT?

NO!

THEN
WHAT?
WHAT DO
YOU
WANT?

TO BE
FREE!

FREE?
WE DO
NOT KNOW
WHAT THAT
COULD
MEAN.

BUT
WE WILL
RETURN TO
YOU WHAT
HAS BEEN
TAKEN.

TAKEN?

YES. HE
COULD ONLY
CONTROL
YOU IF YOU
HAD NO
REASON TO
CONTROL
YOURSELF.

TO THAT
END, HE TOOK
THE LAST OF
YOUR
HUMANITY.

THAT
LAST, BEST
PART OF
YOUR
SOUL.





THE LIGHT
THAT SUSTAINED
YOU IN THE DARKEST
HOURS, THROUGH THE
DEEPEST HELLS.

HE TOOK
YOUR
HOPE.

WE
SHALL
NOW GIVE
IT BACK
TO YOU.

IT IS
YOURS.

IF
YOU
CAN
KEEP
IT...











Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE